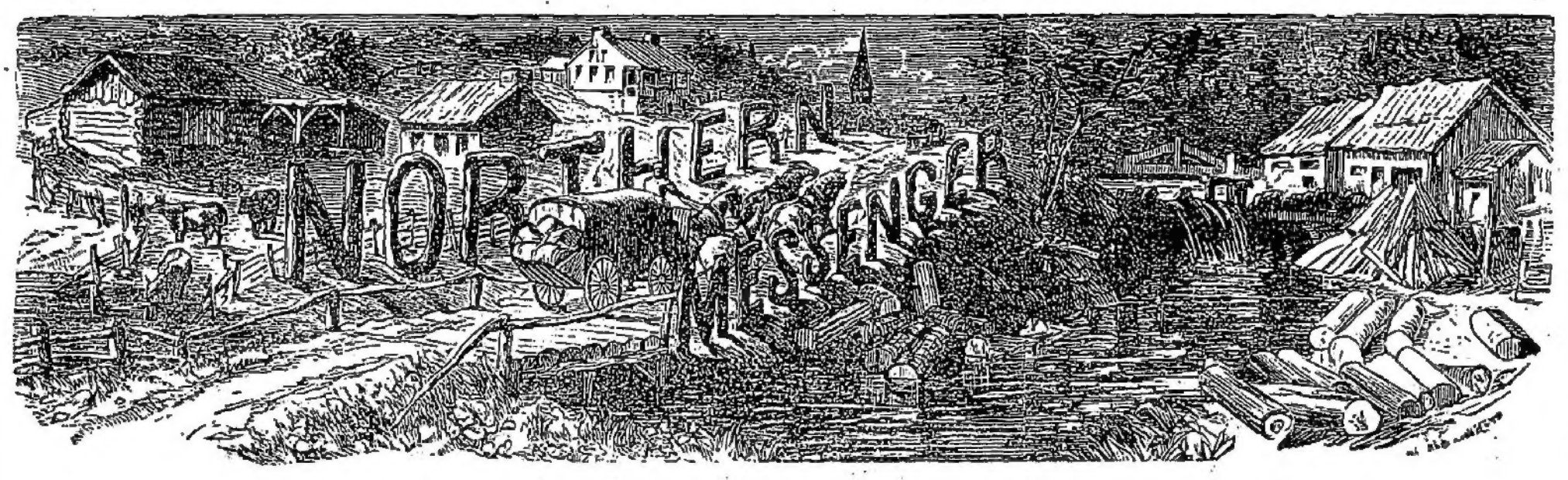

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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THE FATHER OF THE BRITISH FLEET.

ANOTHER HONORED CANADIAN.

Of all British North Americans who have entered the Imperial army and navy, the most prominent living representative is Sir Provo Wallis, G.C.B., the Senior Admiral of Her Majesty's fleet, who attained his 100th birthday on Sunday, April 12. He is a Nova Scotian by birth, born in the historic city of Halifax, and the son of Provo Featherstone Wallis, who was Royal Naval Commissioner on that station. Young Wallis was destined for naval life, and, when 13 years of age, joined H.M.S. "Cleopatra" as midshipman, and served throughout the war with France which was so steadily waged during the early part of this century. The most prominent feature of Sir Provo's life is that he is the last survivor of the memorable fight between H.M.S. "Shannon" and the United States ship "Chesapeake," which took place on the 1st June, 1813, resulting in the total defeat of the American vessel and her capture by the "Shannon." The story of this fight has been ably told by many pens, and it is unnecessary to here enlarge upon it. It is sufficient to say that the victory was complete in every way. Captain Broke, of the "Shannon," was dangerously wounded, while his brave opponent, Captain Laurence, received injuries which resulted in his death. Lieut. Wallis, being the senior officer unhurt, took command of the "Shannon," and sailed her into Halifax, where they were received with every demonstration of joy at the result of the fight. Shortly afterwards Lieut. Wallis was promoted to the rank of Commander, followed up in due time by further promotion to post captain. In 1857 he became Admiral, and, despite his great age, still remains on the list of active admirals to the fleet, of which he is senior. To do honor to the event, Her Majesty ordered his flag to be hoisted and saluted at all the chief naval stations and the crews of all ships in commission to commemorate the glorious victory of which he is sole survivor. Since his retirement from active service he has been living at Funtington House, Chichester, England. We trust that he will still be spared to the nation as a good type of the old "Mariners of England," who guarded her seas and shores so faithfully nearly a century ago.—*Dominion Illustrated.*

NEESIMA.

The life of Joseph H. Neesima (1843-1890), covers a period of marvellous progress in the history of Japan. At the age of fifteen he refused to worship the "whittled" images which stood upon the shelf in his father's house, giving no heed to the food set before them. He began to have a thirst for knowledge, and longed to "bring a light into the darkness" of his country, and in 1864 he left Japan by stealth, at the risk of his life, and became "a penniless wanderer with an unknown tongue, in a vast, mysterious world of which he only knew that truth was there." When he died in 1890, Christianity had gained a domicile in his native land; the entire Bible had been translated and circulated freely among the people; the first day of the week had become a legal rest-day; nearly ten thousand persons were enrolled as confessors of their personal faith in Christ; and Neesima himself was an ordained minister of the gospel and the president of a University in Kioto which he had founded, with an attendance of nearly a thousand pupils of both sexes. In the constitutional parliament now in session thirteen of the members are said to be Christians, one of whom is chairman of the "committee of the whole."

The personal history of Mr. Neesima furnishes a striking illustration of the providence of God, in its use of the printed page instead of oral utterance as a means of illuminating the mind and revealing the way of salvation. From the story as told by himself after a few months' residence in this country and before he had mastered our language, it is evident that before he had ever talked with Christian men he had learned to pray and to trust in the heavenly Father.

SIR PROVO W. PARRY WALLIS, G.C.B., WHO ATTAINED HIS 100TH BIRTHDAY ON APRIL 12.

A sketch of his life, prepared by Dr. J. D. Davis, has just been printed in Tokio, and the following extracts give the story of his enlightenment, principally in his own words:

"A day I visited my friend, and I found out small Holy Bible in his library, that was written by some American minister in China language, and had shown only the most remarkable events of it. I lend it from him and read it at night. I was afraid the savage country's law, which if I read the Bible, will cross [i.e. crucify] my whole family."

This abridgement of the Bible contained little but the grand facts of creation and redemption, and these were entirely new to this earnest young soul which pored over its pages. The opening sentence of this book was: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." He says:

"I put down the book and look around me, saying: I, who made me? my parents? No, my God. God made my parents and let them make me. Who made my table? A carpenter? no, my God. God let trees grow upon the earth; although a carpenter made up this table, it indeed came from trees; then I must be thankful to God; I must believe him, and I must be upright against him."

He at once recognized his Maker's claim to love and obedience, and began to yield them. He prayed: "Oh, if you have eyes, look upon me; if you have ears, listen to me." From this time his mind longed to read the English Bible, and he burned to find some teacher or missionary who could teach him.

On first asking permission of his prince and his parents to go to Hakodate, where he hoped to meet some Englishman or American, he got not only a refusal, but a flogging; but in March, 1864, having at last received permission, he left his family in tears and started on his search for truth, "not thinking, that when money was gone, how would I eat and dress myself, but only casting myself on the providence of God."

He spent a year on the "Wild Rover," on his way to the United States. While they lay in the harbor of Hong Kong, Mr. Neesima found the New Testament in Chinese, and felt that he must have it; but how should he get it, since he had promised not to ask the captain for money? He thought of his two swords, and he

OBLIGATION DUE
W. M. Power 2012 91

finally exchanged his short sword for the New Testament. It is hard work for an educated Japanese to read Chinese books unless they have been printed for Japanese eyes, as the arrangement of words in a sentence is very different in the two languages. He could only spell out the meaning, but he began at Matthew and read on in course through Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and in the midst of the voyage he came to the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;' and this made a very deep impression upon him and he felt that this was just such a Saviour as he needed.

After arriving in Boston, he was left on the vessel for ten weeks "with rough and godless men who kept the ship," doing hard, heavy work, such as he had never been accustomed to do. "I thought, too, that I must work pretty well for my eating and dressing, and I could not get in any schools before I could earn money to pay to a school. When such thoughts pressed my brain, I could not work very well; I could not read books very cheerfully, and I only looked around myself a long time as a lunatic."

He made one great discovery, however, during this tedious waiting time. The captain had given him a little money to amuse himself with on shore, and he had bought a Robinson Crusoe, which he had found in a second-hand bookstore on Washington street, and Robinson Crusoe first taught him that he might pray to his heavenly Father as to a present, personal friend. He had not yet fully mastered his New Testament in a foreign language. This shipwrecked Robinson Crusoe prayed in his distress: why might not he? So every night, after he went to bed, he "prayed to the God: Please don't cast me away into miserable condition. Please let me reach my great aim?"

That God who had turned this boy's heart away from idols, who had inspired him to feel after him if haply he might find him, who had said to him: "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house unto the land that I will show thee:" this same God had not neglected to prepare a place for him in the land of promise to which he had led him. He had brought the young wanderer across the seas in a ship belonging to one of his own children, straight to the hands of one whose joy it was to spend his strength and his wealth in the service of his Master. And so he went from strength to strength until his days were ended.—*Bible Society Record.*

A SERMONETTE ON ETIQUETTE.

BY MARY S. M'COBB.

And if you have company of your very own? Ah, then no pains should be spared to give pleasure.

It is never proper, in her own house, for a girl to wear a dress so fine that any one bidden might feel her own clothes shabby or too plain. Neither is it well-bred to have or do anything simply for show.

To honor one's friends, the table should be set with the daintiest china and the brightest silver and glass. But if one has only plain crockery and pewter spoons, then the whiteness of the table-cloth, and the freshness of the napkins, and especially the cordial welcome, are all that is necessary.

Never apologize for anything on the table. If the bread is not quite as light as usual, or if the cake, alas! has a "heavy streak," do not call attention to it. It will make a bad matter no better, and apologies always put visitors in an awkward position.

Do not urge your guests to eat. It is proper for a friend to ask for any dish on the table. If so be he or she is shy, it may be allowable to say, "But are you sure I may not give you a bit of the turkey or a slice of the ham?"

If again your guest says, "No," do not insist.

Never say, "Shall I give you some more of this or that?" You do not wish to resemble the small boy who kept a written account of every mouthful his mother's unsuspecting guest ate.

If games are the order of the day, let her see to it that every one is drawn into the fun.

If a visitor stands alone, quickly, before there is a chance for him to feel awkward, go yourself to talk with him, or ask some one else to do so. That anybody should find himself ill at ease in your home reflects discredit on you.

There is no wider field for unselfish tact than in one's own parlor, and the motto for every hostess should be, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister."—*Harper's Young People.*

CHRIST THE TEACHER'S MODEL.

JAMES A. WORDEN, D. D.

You wish your boy to learn to write. You give him not merely a lecture on the principles and art of writing, on the proportions of the stem, the loop, the curve, the hook, and the point. You not only tell him how to form the letters and how to hold the pen—you set him a copy and you train him to imitate that copy. The youth learns to paint, not principally from books and lectures, but from the close study of the works of the great masters. So must the sculptor copy the masters of his art.

There is but one Model for Bible teachers—the Lord Jesus Christ. Is it practicable for every teacher to make Jesus Christ his Model? Christ commands it, and God has made ample provision, in the union of the believer with Christ, to enable him to make Christ his Model.

In what particulars ought the teacher to imitate Christ? These would include the following, at least: In being filled with the Spirit; glorying the Father; doing God's will; abiding in the Father's love; loving others; self-sacrifice; being mighty in the Scriptures; seeking the salvation of souls. Besides these, there are a few particulars which just now seem specially important to be mentioned, as those in which we should follow Christ.

In his Spirit. There is a question more important than, How much Bible knowledge do you possess? or, How far have you mastered the principles and methods of teaching? It is this: What manner of spirit are you of? This will determine the quality and permanence of your influence. How shall you attain the true Spirit? The Scriptures give no uncertain answer. Christ says, Come ye after me. As he was, so are we to be in the world. One truth allays all discouragement; it is the wonderful fact of our oneness with Christ. John 15:1-4. As the branch is one with the vine, deriving its life-sap from the vine, so are we one with Christ. This fact, of the living, mystic oneness with Christ, the fact that we actually abide in him, is at once the argument for and source of the strength that enables us to attain unto likeness of Christ.

In special preparation. Jesus' life and ministry were not the offspring of unpremeditated impulse. His great discourses, his matchless parables, his sublime prophecies, were not the impromptu utterances of the moment. No one can study the Sermon on the Mount or consider its beautiful unity, its unique introduction in those wonderful beatitudes, its skilful arrangement of arguments and illustrations, nor can any one read the parables or the wonderful discourses of our Lord without saying, These are not only the outbursts of divine wisdom and love, but they were the result of profound meditation. Here we see our Model. In careful, prayerful thought, in meditation and study, in thorough preparation of mind, heart and soul, as well as in thorough preparation of matter and expression. With that divine example before us of the Man who was also God, thus laboriously and diligently preparing himself for his tasks, how can any teacher, who walks "in his footsteps," go before his class with unpremeditated lesson, and "offer to God a burnt-offering of that which cost him nothing?"

In Bible study. Jesus prepared himself by the thorough study of the Old Testament Scriptures. His method of referring to these Scriptures. His mastery of their profoundest meaning, his ability to expose false interpretations, his perfect readiness in handling the Word of God, are sure witnesses to the fact that he had thoroughly mastered the writings of Moses and the prophets. Though he himself was the incarnate Word, he ever honored the written Word.

In studying man. Christ studied his fellow-countrymen. He shows a perfect acquaintance with Pharisees, scribes, Herodians, publicans, soldiers, sailors, farmers, merchants—all sorts and conditions of men. "He knew all men, and....he needed not that any one should bear witness concerning man; for he himself knew what was in man." John 2:24-25. In this the teacher is to be like Christ. You must not only know boys and girls, young men and young women, in general; you must know your pupils in particular. You are simply following your divine Lord when you are studying, by the closest observation, with the most minute attention, the special surroundings, the home life, the business duties, the reading, the companions, the amusements, the society, the temptations, the dangers, the easily-besetting sins, as well as the nobler traits of the pupils whom God has given you to teach.

From this sketch we see how far removed from the true Spirit of Jesus and of Christianity is a contempt for patient, plodding effort at study, and at the development of our powers by all the literary, Biblical, social, domestic, and other means that God has put within our reach.—*Baptist Teacher.*

THE PLAIN LESSON OF THE TIMES.

Young men are learning every day the commercial value of temperance. The "good fellow' man is he who stays at the ladder's foot, and his comrades profit by that object lesson. In no walk of life are the higher paths open as they were, not so very long ago, to the man who drinks. Business men, professional men, look upon an employee's convivial habits as a menace to themselves. What once found ready excuse now suffers not even toleration. That is the plain lesson of the times.

GENUINE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

An instance of genuine Christian Endeavor zeal and missionary enterprise is given in the *Young People's Standard*, of Cincinnati, Ohio. It is this: A member of one of our city's societies recently went into the country to spend the winter; and within ten days after her arrival, visited every family connected with the little church in which she found herself, told of the Y.P.S.C.E., and organized a society. With such "endeavor," the work can scarcely help but grow.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON III.—JULY 19, 1891.

CHRIST'S FIRST MIRACLE.—John 2:1-11.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory."—John 2:11.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 2:1-11.—Christ's First Miracle.
T. Gen. 2:15-25.—The First Marriage.
W. Eph. 5:22-33.—Husbands and Wives.
Th. Matt. 22:1-14.—The Marriage of the King's Son.
F. Rev. 19:1-13.—The Marriage of the Lamb.
S. Isa. 55:1-13.—Without Money and Without Price.
S. 1 Cor. 10:21-33.—Do All to the Glory of God.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Jesus at the Wedding Feast. vs. 1-4.
II. Jesus and the Servants. vs. 5-8.
III. Jesus and the Miracle. vs. 9-11.

TIME.—A.D. 27, February or March, four days after the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Peræa.

PLACE.—Cana of Galilee, four miles north-east from Nazareth, where the village of Kefr Kenna now stands.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *The third day*—after the calling of Philip, ch. 1:42. V. 2. *His disciples*—those mentioned in ch. 1, viz., Andrew, Simon Peter, Philip, Nathanael and John himself, and probably James. V. 3. *When they wanted wine*—Revised Version, "When the wine failed." V. 4. *What have I to do with thee?*—a gentle reproof, and an intimation that she was not to direct him in regard to his divine work. V. 6. *Six water-pots*—large earthen jars. *Two or three firkins*—probably the Jewish bath is the measure intended—about eight gallons, or at least one hundred gallons in all. V. 8. *The governor*—the person who presided at the feast. Without knowing whence it came, he pronounced it the best wine. V. 11. *This beginning of miracles*—Revised Version, "This beginning of his signs." It was the first miracle of all, not merely the first at Cana.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Who were these first disciples? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

JESUS AT THE WEDDING FEAST. vs. 1-4.—What took place the third day after the call of Philip? Where was Cana? Who was there? Who were among the invited guests? What did his mother say to Jesus? What was his reply?

II. JESUS AND THE SERVANTS. vs. 5-8.—What did his mother say to the servants? What vessels were there? How much did they hold? What directions did Jesus give the servants? What did they do? What did Jesus then say to them?

III. JESUS AND THE MIRACLE. vs. 9-11.—Into what had the water been changed? Who knew how it had been done? What did the governor of the feast say? What is a *miracle*? How did this miracle manifest forth Christ's glory? How did it affect his disciples?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus by his presence sanctifies the joys and duties of daily life.
2. That we should seek to have him in our social meetings.
3. That we should go to Jesus with all our needs, temporal as well as spiritual.
4. That his miracles were manifestations of his divine glory.
5. That we should believe on him and receive him as the Christ of God.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What took place the third day after the calling of Philip? Ans. There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee.
2. Who were at the marriage? Ans. Jesus and his mother and his disciples.
3. What miracle did Jesus perform? Ans. He turned water into wine.
4. What did this miracle manifest? Ans. His glory as the Son of God, the promised Messiah.
5. What was its effect on his disciples? Ans. They believed on him.

LESSON IV.—JULY 26, 1891.

CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.—John 3:1-17.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3:16.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 2:12-25.—Christ Cleanses the Temple.
T. John 3:1-17.—Christ and Nicodemus.
W. Eph. 4:22-32.—The New Man.
Th. Ezek. 36:25-38.—The New Heart.
F. 2 Cor. 5:14-21.—The New Creation.
S. Col. 3:1-17.—The New Life.
S. 1 John 5:1-21.—Born of God.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Teacher from God. vs. 1-3.
II. The Eager Inquirer. vs. 4-11.
III. The Way of Salvation. vs. 12-17.

TIME.—A.D. 27, April, five or six weeks after the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Peræa.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in a guest-chamber, the upper room of the house of a friend in the city.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *Pharisees*—a sect of the Jews, very strict in the observance of the Mosaic law. *Ruler*—a member of the Sanhedrim. V. 3. *Born again*—"born anew;" changed from the love of sin to the love and practice of holiness. Tit. 3:5. *Cannot see the kingdom of God*—so as to partake of it. V. 5. *Born of water and of the Spirit*—purified by the Holy Spirit, of which change baptism by water is the symbol. V. 6. *That which is born of the flesh*—what is born of sinful human nature is sinful and corrupt; what is born of the Holy Spirit is spiritual and pure. V. 8. *So is every one*—the Spirit's operation, like that of the wind, is directed by God, unseen and known only by its effects. V. 12. *Earthly things*—things which take place on earth, such as the new birth, the proofs of which are plain and palpable. *Heavenly things*—things less plain, relating to God, Christ, heaven and eternity. V. 13. *Son of man*—Jesus Christ. *In heaven*—divine and human, on earth and in heaven, at the same time. (See Heb. 2:14-17.) V. 14. *As Moses lifted up the serpent*—Num. 21:8, 9. *Lifted up*—on the cross in his death, and to heaven in his ascension. John 12:32, 33. V. 16. Luther calls this verse "the Bible in miniature."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Jesus go from Cana? How long did he remain there? Where did he then go? For what purpose? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE TEACHER FROM GOD. vs. 1-3.—Who came to Jesus? Why did he come *by night*? What did he say? How did Jesus answer Nicodemus? What do you understand by being *born again*? By seeing *the kingdom of God*?

II. THE EAGER INQUIRER. vs. 4-11.—What did Nicodemus say to this? How did Jesus answer him? What else did Jesus tell him? What did Nicodemus then ask? How did Jesus answer him? What further did Jesus say? Why do men not receive this truth? 1 Cor. 2:14.

III. THE WAY OF SALVATION. vs. 12-17.—What is here meant by *earthly things*, and by *heavenly things*? How may the knowledge of heavenly things be gained? Why did Moses lift up the serpent? Why was Jesus to be lifted up? What does Jesus promise to all believers? How did God show his great love for the world? For what purpose did he give his Son? What is faith in Jesus Christ?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That by nature we are unholy and unfit for heaven.
2. That we should seek a new and holy heart.
3. That if we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved.
4. That unless we receive Christ we shall perish.
5. That if we are lost it will be our own fault.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Who came to Jesus by night? Ans. Nicodemus, a Pharisee and ruler of the Jews.
2. Why did he come to Jesus? Ans. He had heard of his miracles and wished to learn of him.
3. What did Jesus first say to him? Ans. Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.
4. What did he tell him of God's great love for the world? Ans. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

AN OCEAN TRIP AND HOW TO PREPARE FOR IT.

Women will need something of a special toilet for the trip; and as far as the voyage is concerned, this will consist mainly of wraps. Take what you may of these, you will still wish you had taken more when that fierce wind begins to rush through rugs and shawls as if they were thin paper.

The ship dress should be navy blue flannel, if you happen to have an old dress of this sort. If you do not, use what you have, provided it is dark, all wool and old—for there is no telling what may happen to it on deck, where the brass is always being cleaned or the paint retouched; or at the table, where a sudden lurch may send a waiter flying down the room only to deluge you with the contents of tureen or gravy bowl.

Women will need a hood, or a cap with a visor, for the deck, being careful to tie the cap on with a veil or warm nubia. The visor is almost indispensable to protect the eyes from the glare on the water. You can hold no umbrella open on the deck. In the fierce breezes women will need a rug to hold down their fluttering skirts. The illustration (Fig. 1) gives an idea of a convenient form for this rug.

Fig. 1.

You can make it into a bag by sewing it across the bottom after having folded it as shown. Then put buttons and buttonholes along the lapped edges. Spreading this bag upon a steamer-chair, you can slip into it, feet first, and button it over, thus securing your feet against cold, and your skirts against the wind.

It is well for a lady to wear to the ship the costume she intends to use as a travelling dress, changing it for the ship dress as soon as she arrives on board. Tie the hat up in brown paper so that the sea air shall not fade its colors nor uncurl its feathers, unpack the steamer trunk and arrange its contents for use at a moment's notice.

This plan is much wiser than leaving these duties until one is off, when one may be too sea-sick to attend to them. For the same reason the steward should be seen early, and a seat secured at table, near the door, if possible.

Ladies will need, in their steamer-trunks, warm flannels, woollen bed-slippers, stout shoes and rubber overshoes,—for walking on a wet deck,—a dark balmoral, a rubber bag for hot water, some small wall-pockets to be tacked or pinned to the back of the sofa, and a bag (Fig. 2) to hang inside the curtains of the berth in which to keep watch, handkerchief, pins, brush, scissors, and such necessities.

For travel on shore one will probably wish to take some medicines, but these may go into the second trunk or bag, as the ship's doctor will furnish all that will be needed on board. The only private stores I should suggest would be mustard plasters, quinine pellets, and some lemons and oranges. For the shore, you may add to these arnica, ammonia, and a strip of court-plaster wound around a pair of tiny scissors. To carry these you will find a medicine pocket, made of cloth or chamois, like the illustration (Fig. 3), most convenient; the whole to be rolled and tied when not in use. Many people burden themselves with private stores of eatables; but this is quite unnecessary, for all first-class lines provide good tables, and the trouble is too much eating rather than too little.

A woman's travelling dress should be some dark all wool material, neatly made but very simple. Gray is an excellent color, and so is dark blue. To it should be added the ever useful blouse waist of foulard or cotton goods, which will be needed in the warm valleys on the continent; but do not forget the flannel skirts and underwear for the cold mountain tops.

Slippers, umbrella, ulster, overshoes, and a moderate supply of underclothing will all go into the big bag, as well as a second dress for *table d'hote* dinners and dress occasions.

This last should be of some pretty material made "dressy" by ruchings at

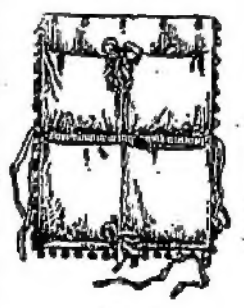


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

the wrists and open neck, but it needs little or no showy trimming.

Underskirts should be of Ceylon or wash flannels, though some ladies use black silk ones altogether. Do not load yourself down with under-clothing, boxes of trinkets, stationery, perfumery, and the thousand knicknacks we all love. Washing is so quickly done in Europe that there is no need to carry large supplies of linen, and the other things become great burdens.

I should recommend most heartily the carrying of two pairs of stout, well-fitting American shoes, made by a careful shoemaker. You will get none like them in Europe—combining comfort and beauty.

Do not be afraid to travel second-class on the continent, and third-class in England. In Italy alone is the first-class very much more desirable; and in any country where there is a fourth-class the third is good enough for short trips.

In the matter of guide-books there is no dissenting voice in the praises sung to Baedaker's; they are expensive, but are worth their price if only as reference books after you get home. However, cheaper ones will answer fairly well, if they are in convenient form.

For sight-seeing guides in Paris, Rome and London, Hare is almost indispensable. He seems to bring so much of what the best minds have thought and seen in each object of interest. But in every one of these cities you will find some small work devoted to the locality, at a price within the reach of the most modest traveller.—*Annie A. Ramsey, in Youth's Companion.*

PROPORTION.

A little girl once said to one of those supremely wise and virtuous grown people who compose a child's small world: "Do people ever do wrong when they know what is right?"

When as a wee mite she had dropped her plate on the floor to hear it smash, or throw her cup of milk out of the window to see how far it would go, she always had looked up with a mischievous smile and a question in her eyes as to what form the swift retribution would take this time. She knew already that she must pay for her fun in some way, but the baby conscience felt nothing like remorse. She regarded punishment as an incomprehensible, but not necessarily unamiable peculiarity of her elders, which was their means of "getting even with her." She often seemed to await the consequences of her small rebellions with a more or less cheerful curiosity, and undoubtedly sometimes felt the game had been quite worth the—absence of candle in that closet.

To learn that smashing crockery was not made right by her being punished for it, and that the punishment was not intended as retribution, but as a reminder to avoid that particular form of amusement in future, was a long step, and in the newly acquired appreciation of the intrinsic value of virtue she asked the question with which we began. Alas! As we leave childhood behind us we learn only too easily that to know the right is not synonymous with doing it, and that there is a fatal fascination in disobedience.

But there was more in the little girl's question than an innocent belief in the boundless virtue and wisdom of all older than her poor, little, naughty, ignorant self, more than a simple confidence in the good intentions of all the world. For it is most true that we would be better, as well as happier, if we only knew more clearly where the right lay. Few of us deliberately choose the wrong path, but still fewer deliberately, with the reasoning choice of a quiet consideration, take pains to discover the right one.

It is not sufficient to have vague good intentions in general. Our minds are just as much part of our property, which it is our duty to improve, as our bodies and our souls. We all recognize that it is wrong to starve our souls, we all feel that it is wicked to waste the health and strength of our bodies in idleness, but except for a general idea that it is better to improve our minds in the sense of study and reading, we do not seem to feel that anything is required of us in this third direction. We often suffer terribly ourselves, and, worse still, inflict great pain upon others by making a mistake, and it is then our only comfort to say: "At least, I meant well." Well meaning persons are often simply very lazy persons, mentally. They do not take the trouble to consider any matter very carefully, they are too lazy to use their minds to help their consciences, and the consequence is that the conscience has so much more put upon it than belongs to it, that it becomes discouraged and goes comfortably to sleep. The principal office of mind is to go hand in hand with conscience and teach it how it ought to feel. The mind reasons a matter out and sees the right, the conscience then goes to work to make us do it. We and others have to bear the consequences of our mistakes as well as our sins, and so we must see to it that our minds are trained to help us to avoid error, as well as our consciences to keep us out of evil.

One very common way of making a mistake is in choosing the less necessary duty to be done first. Women do this more than men, particularly young women, and this comes from having a wrong idea of the relative values of things. Girls often do not have a just perception of proportion. "I mean to be helpful at home, but I can't give up all my friends and there isn't time for both"; "I can't save because I don't want to seem stingy"; "I had a cold and the weather was bad, but I did not want to be disobliging and so I could not help going and getting sick." Reasoning like this we hear constantly, and, I am afraid, use constantly to explain those acts which seem innocent and well-meaning but have occasionally very sad results. We do not consciously do wrong, but our minds do not help our consciences, and we have no true insight into the right proportions of duties. We let the most important get crowded out to make room for good and innocent but less valuable things, or rather we put in these latter first, and then when there is no room—"no time"—for those without which life becomes ill-balanced and all wrong, we say piteously that we "meant well" and that we "could not help it"! We can help it to a great extent.

A great man tells us that we have time for whatever we wish to do. He means that we can regulate our lives to include and exclude what we will. If we make our duty first we can find time to do it, and if we will carefully think out what particular duty is most essential on any day, we can do that first, and let others follow, or, if necessary, be crowded out till the day when they become of first importance in their turn. Only our minds, our reasons, can help us to do this, for our consciences will only tell us that certain acts are right or wrong, and we must reason about them to discover which is the one right thing for the year, the day, or the hour which is waiting for our disposal.—*Far and Near.*

THE PEOPLE IN THE WOODS.

Ellen was a philosopher who worked early and late at the laundry business, spending her time and strength mainly for unthankful relations, who little deserved all she did for them.

"Ellen," said her wise young mistress, with careful exactness, lest she should concede too much, "you know there are some people who are very good people indeed, but who somehow don't seem easy to live with. I have seen such people"—thoughtfully.

The philosopher drew a set of towels through the wringer, and shook them out with vigor. "Bless you, ma'am," she laughed, "sure the woods are full of 'em."

Ellen's ready acceptance of a universal truth will call up a smile, and the smile broadens into a laugh as we reflect on the motley character of the crowd which throngs these same woods. "The people in the woods' are connected with all of us by a thousand ties. We respect them—oh, so much! We speak of them in guarded tones, with a little sigh, a suppressed smile, and a big "but" at the end of the sentences. Their shadows never grow less. We wish them a long life—elsewhere.

These people in the woods are all good people—very good people. Often they are of the salt of the earth. They are found in all ranks of society. The philosopher knew them well. The highest in the land are of their households. There are readers amongst them, reader; and—"Bless you, ma'am!"—writers.

The people whose aggressive goodness makes them painful to live with do not occupy all of the woods. There are also found familiar beings who persist in giving presents to people who don't want them, but who are obliged to be grateful. A goodly portion of the crowd consists of those who know much more of our affairs and the best method of arranging them than we do ourselves. Some of them are "candid" souls, who think it right we should hear all the disagreeable speeches others are making about us. Many of them can always cap our calamity by reciting the much worse one they have themselves endured. Of these species are the people who have had every disease ever known, besides many which are nameless. And there are numerous groups about the outskirts of the woods ceaselessly chanting, "I told you so!"

The list might be lengthened, but who cannot add to it with an instant's thought of his own? And then must follow the thought that he may have been, at some time, himself a resident there.

For the people in the woods we must occasionally feel a sympathy. Many of them have worked hard to make the world happier, in their own way, and when the world stoutly refused to be happy in any way but its own, have passed the rest of their days in wondering lamentation over the world's stubbornness. "The pity of it!" For these people of many virtues yet lack the one quality which seems the chief thing needful after godliness—tact. They mean well, but they do not know how to show it; and they are never able or willing to learn.—*Harper's Bazar.*

PUZZLES.—No. 12.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in scissors, but not in knife;
My second, in bagpipe, but not in fife;
My third is in bobbin, but not in spool;
My fourth is in jester, but not in fool;
My fifth is in April, but not in June;
My sixth is in mercury, not in the moon;
My seventh in carriage, but not in cart;
My eighth is in pudding, but not in tart;
My ninth is in settle, but not in chair,
My tenth is in leopard, but not in bear.
My whole a famous battle, as all of you must know—
It was fought by Santa Anna over fifty years ago.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

Each of the eleven following groups of letters may be transposed so as to form a name. When they all have been rightly arranged, the primals will spell the name of a famous man (born in April) who wrote about the characters mentioned.

1. Chklsoy. 2. Hlmtac. 3. Lraei. 4. Gklnrael. 5. Clssaeu. 6. Bnsstnei. 7. Clpraeol. 8. Gaeou. 9. Nntyno. 10. Mreoo. 11. Glmracon.

ROSSIE M. S.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

Of letters six consists the word:
A famous doubter was my *first*, we've heard;
Despairest not, my *second* says;
My *third* to rest the sleepless lays;
My *fourth* describes a portion slight;
My *fifth* pertaining to the stars at night;
The plural of a metal hard
My *sixth*—will not your work retard.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The one foresaw her husband's overthrow,
The other foiled his hate and laid him low.

1. Thy sons have earned a stormier name than thine.
2. Is it not *here* the goddess has her shrine?
3. Of Israel's multitude but *this* returns.
4. Thy word is as a fire that slays and burns.
5. Be of one mind, for does not Paul beseech?
6. She has not seen the spring within her reach.

A. R. R.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 11.

WHERE?—1. Lystra (Acts 14:8-12). 2. Clauda (Acts 27:16, 17). 3. To Egypt to Pharaoh-Necho (2 Kings 23). 4. Tirzah.

QUESTIONS.—1. Job 4:15. 2. Hezekiah (2 Chron. 32:23). 3. Ahaz (2 Chron. 28:22). 4. An Egyptian (1 Sam. 30:11, 12).

WHAT ARE WE?—The hands of a clock.

CURTAILED DECAPITATION.—Fane, Fan, An.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.—1. Rannoch. 2. Ochil. 4. Bannockburn. 4. Ecclesfechan. 5. Roxburgh. 6. Tummel. 7. Tay. 8. Abbotsford. 9. Nairn. 10. Nevis. 11. Ayrshire. 12. Howick. 13. Inverness. 14. Lomond. 15. Lewis.

PRIMALS.—Robert Tannahill.

The Family Circle.

THE LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

Clad in their night-gowns, clean and white,
The children came to say good-night;
"Father, good-night!" said Marjory,
Climbing for kisses on my knee.

Then Ernest, Kittie, Harry next—
And baby—till I feel perplexed,
Wishing the last good night was said,
And each and all were packed to bed.

These small folks take me unawares;
I hear them call when safe upstairs,
As I sit down to read or write:
"Father, we want to say good-night."

The book and pen are laid aside;
I find them lying open-eyed—
Five noisy rebels, girls and boys,
Who greet me with tumultuous noise.

Can I be stern with such as these?
Can charming ways and looks displease?
They hold, and scarce will let me go,
And all because they love me so.

Then, in a vision, suddenly
The future seems unveiled to me;
It is my turn, though all in vain,
To long to say good-night again.

I see the years stretch on and on,
The children all grown up and gone;
No chambers echo to their tread.
The last good night has long been said.

And by his fireside, desolate,
An old man sits, resigned to wait,
Recalling joys that used to be,
And faces that he may not see.

Therefore, what bliss is mine, that now
I still can smooth each fair young brow!
And feel the arms that clasp me tight,
The lips that kiss the last good night.
—*Selected.*

CELESTIAL CITY SAVINGS BANK.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

Joseph Stoler was approaching his half-century birthday. He had begun life without a dollar, but had conquered poverty and circumstances with his spontaneous capability of inventing gigantic business schemes, which had yielded immense financial results. He was a money king. Gold was his idol. All the love of his nature was expended on his account book and his pocketbook. The first revealed his rapid accumulation of wealth, and the other was sure to be full of bills, which brought a greedy glare into his cold gray eyes.

Mr. Stoler owned another book, but he placed no valuation upon his Bible. Year after year had gone since he had looked inside, and he was ignorant of its sacred teachings. Not one of its precepts were allowed to guide his conduct in the affairs of life.

One evening this purse-proud millionnaire was sitting in a soft cushioned chair in his luxurious library. As he was meditating, a panorama of the past seemed to unfold before him, and he witnessed exultingly how a few hard-earned dollars had become hundreds, and then grown into thousands, and his thousands had swelled into millions. Soon he felt an irresistible desire to walk to a street where he owned much of the property, and he took his hat and gold-headed cane and went out, into the soft summer twilight, to view with intense, almost childish delight, his possessions. Soon he began asking questions of himself.

"Who owns all these high, fine blocks of houses and stores?"

"Joseph Stoler, and he is a very rich man," was his proud reply. "He is worth twenty millions."

"How did he make this great fortune?"

"By his industry, far-sightedness and shrewdness in business."

Suddenly this blissful conversational reverie was brought to a termination.

Mr. Stoler was knocked down by a swift-running bicycle, and his head struck a stone step with stunning force.

For a short time following the accident Mr. Stoler busy's mind was a blank. When consciousness returned he was astonished to find that during this brief interval of seeming non-existence he had been transported to a locality in striking contrast with the wide sunny street he had left. Where he was, he did not know. He was wandering now, without pleasure or purpose, on a dreary road, with dwarfed trees on either side. There were no birds, sunshine or flowers, and the sky was dark and threatening. Shivering in the cold damp air, he went on and on. This bleak and cheerless road led him at last to the borders of a densely populated city.

Mr. Stoler had no desire to enter. He could see it was a place of darkness and unutterable woe. Never before had he beheld people in such terrible bondage of poverty. Their hovels emitted pestilential odors. Their faces were pinched from hunger; weary, despairing, but hideous with hatred and malice. Every one appeared to be an enemy to the other. Hoarse lamentations and frightful yells of rage and fury met his ear. Hope and joy were dead there.

Mr. Stoler fled from this wilderness of horror on to a narrow cross road.

Silent and solitary he travelled aimlessly on. His clothes were torn by the thorn bushes. He was a vagabond in rags and wretchedness. There was no sun, no moon, or stars, to shed one ray of light on its pathway.

From the depths of his anguish-smitten soul he gave one loud, frantic cry:

"Help! help! help!"

Soon a woman emerged from an opening, hidden from his view. Her face was inexpressibly beautiful, and radiant with supreme joy. How tender and lovingly she spoke:

"Brother you have lost your way. Let me be your guide."

"Who are you?" burst from the distracted man.

"I am Margaret Sanborn. I was cook in your kitchen. Ten years ago I died in your house, as the world calls dying. Don't you remember me?"

"Yes, but that woman was a negro. She was blind of one eye and poor. You are beautiful." Margaret laughed softly and said:

"I belonged to a low, obscure race on earth, but there is a transfer city just outside the Celestial City, where every traveller is compelled to stop. Here I threw aside my luggage of a weary body, with its black skin, and I was overjoyed to find that a different body, comely and strong, enfolded my spirit. Friends met me saying, 'Margaret, you are no longer a servant. You are a daughter of the King of Kings.' They put beautiful costly garments on me, befitting my new rank, and conducted me to a grand mansion, prepared expressly for me, by the dear Lord Jesus. Then I was taught, and my starved mind took in deep, wonderful knowledge, till it was satisfied."

"How amazing! Tell me more!" cried Mr. Stoler, eagerly.

"My home is on a magnificent street in the Celestial City. The inhabitants live in perfect love and happiness. Many arrived there who were very poor, and heavily burdened on earth, but in this city of God, there are no poor, no sick no suffering. Every one has a fine mansion, and is rich and influential."

Mr. Stoler's face lighted up with a swift, delusive hope, as he burst forth in ecstacy:

"Then I shall have a magnificent palace, for if you, who were so destitute, ignorant, and unknown, are loaded with honors and abundance, I who occupied a position far above yours, will in like proportion be elevated."

"No, not so," quickly responded Margaret. "You cannot expect to be raised to any post of distinction. The palaces and mansions of the Celestical City are owned only by people who have made investments there. You do not own one foot of land there; you have not even a place to lay your head; you cannot even enter this city, for only property-holders are admitted."

"How did you rise in such honor and wealth?" questioned Mr. Stoler, more and more mystified.

"Follow me and I will show you."

Margaret led the way to a mountain, and Mr. Stoler was surprised to notice that a bright light emanating from her shone on their path.

From the mountain top he obtained a distant view of a mighty city. It was so immense that his eye could discern but a part from where he stood, and the size of the earth appeared like a speck, when compared to this eternal city. He could see a little of the high sky, from which great floods of golden sunshine were descending. The dwelling places of the sovereigns of the lower world would be like hovels beside these splendid palaces of the sons and daughters of God. One building far transcended the possibility of human conception. It was vast, grand, imposing in its architectural splendor and adornings. Its foundations were of solid gold, and it was enveloped in dazzling light, and many thousand hues were intermingled in its construction.

Over the great shining doors were the words

"CELESTIAL CITY SAVINGS BANK."

As Mr. Stoler stood gazing upon it in silent awe, Margaret spoke again:

"The wealth in that bank is known only to God. He created it, and gave it to his children of every condition, for they needed a safe place to deposit their earnings. I was blind of one eye, but I saw with the clear eye of faith how to lay up treasures that will endure. I gave a few cents, here and there, to people poorer than myself. Out of my weekly earnings I put by a little for the church. With my rough, black hands, I tended the sick; gave a few mouthfuls of food to the hungry; mended the ragged clothes of orphans; closed dying eyes, and told the careless about God and Christ. I was surprised to find that not one deed of love and mercy had been left out in the great book of remembrance. These mites make a long list, and the recording angel had written them in letters of gold, and put them on interest, as fast as performed, in the Celestial City Savings Bank, and how fast the interest ran up. Fifty years this bank had paid an exorbitant interest, and compound interest on my life in the world, and when it ended I became a very rich woman."

"And you say I have nothing in that bank, Margaret—nothing?" gasped Mr. Stoler.

"Poor, deluded man!" she answered, sadly. "You have nothing there. You went through life half blind. You saw only the worldly side of living. You could have read in your Bible how to lay up treasure in the hereafter, but you did not read it. You scorned its sacred teachings. Your great wealth was put into perishable investments. You owned bank and railway stock, houses and land, and your thousands of dollars grew into millions. You were a money king, but your heart was pitilessly cold to the appeals and cries of your suffering, heavily-burdened fellow men. Your hand was empty to the poor. Your pile of gold was very high, but it was used solely for your personal and family aggrandizement. Your fainting, struggling fellowmen were as useless rubbish in your foolish eyes. You are as poor as the poorest now, —a beggar."

"And I am a beggar? Oh, what shall I do?" was the piteous question of agony of Mr. Stoler.

"The people you saw in the suburbs of the country, where the Prince of darkness is ruler, were as blind in folly as yourself. They behold over the terrible spectacles of the consequences of their acts when on earth. Many were guilty of dreadful crimes, others lived in reckless indifference of the future. All are wretched and hopeless."

"Do all rich men go to this terrible place?"

"Oh, no," replied Margaret, smiling, "only such as have wasted their substance in selfish pleasure; the unjust, extortioners, unmerciful and irreligious. Some of the kings of the earth have made grand investments in the Celestial City Savings Bank; many nobles and thousands of people of accumulated and inherited wealth used it for the good of humanity, and thereby lay up heavenly riches. Many employed their gifts of brain, gifts of song and art for the world's advancement, and every laborer of the Lord is exalted in proportion to the greatness of his work, without regard to birth, nation or color."

"Oh, if I had only known all this before," was the hardly heard ejaculation of Mr. Stoler.

"You, and the unhappy people you saw, rejected the Lord on earth, and such cannot reign with him in glory," said Margaret, firmly.

"Is there no hope for me? No hope for the lost? Is there no probation after death? Oh, say there is a slight chance for me," pleaded Mr. Stoler.

"Many of those who rejected the Lord in the lower world, have sunk so low in darkness and wretchedness, that they have no power, or ambition to rise. All spiritual life is dead. They are lost, because after once straying on to the broad road of selfish, seductive pleasures and appetites, they have lost the strength of mind to return. They continue to grope in wretchedness and blindness, and have no realization that the Lord is ever within the sound of their call, because their faith is dead, and without faith no man can see him."

"Then I am lost, lost forever!" was Mr. Stoler's forsaken cry of agony.

He buried his face in his hands; deep, terrible groans of anguish filled the air. His long slumbering conscience was awake, and was stabbed again and again, by his merciless tormentor, remorse.

"At last he threw himself upon the ground, and shrieked helplessly.

"Oh, Lord, be merciful to me a sinner! Save me!" Then the black clouds parted over his head, and one shining ray of light fell upon him, and a tender, loving voice spoke:

"Unhappy, short-sighted man. Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven. 'Love the Lord with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven."

Then a mighty wave of exceeding peace and joy swept over him, and he leaped and shouted, and praised God.

"I have found my Lord; my heart is thine ever more, precious Saviour of mankind," was his shout of triumph and victory.

Instantly the scene changed.

Mr. Stoler opened his eyes. He was lying on his own bed, in his home, with his wife, children and physicians anxiously surrounding him.

He had been knocked down by a swift-running bicycle. He had been injured and stunned, and was brought to his house by friends. Twenty-four hours he had been unconscious. Then the faint spark of life lingering in his body, began to gain the mastery, and after a hard fought battle, death was slowly driven away.

Very slowly Mr. Stoler continued to improve. During his convalescence he turned over and over in his mind, the vivid remembrance of the scenes of the unseen country he had just travelled.

Was it a strange, wonderful dream? He did not know.

He had been at death's door, and during this period of seeming non-existence, perhaps his soul had indeed gone to the border of the great future land, and returned. It was a mystery, impossible to explain; but it revealed to this money king the awful precipice over which he hovered; a precipice down which he saw a frightful spectacle of the consequences of his selfish indulgences, of unused wealth, of poverty of love, and absorbing greed of gain, with death of soul at the bottom of the yawning chasm. He shivered with terror.

When Mr. Stoler's fiftieth birthday came, he said to his wife:

To-day I begin a new life. I praise the Lord for restoring me to health. He has given me the victory. I am his forever."

Soon he resumed business, but with a changed basis. He made money now to use, not to keep. He drew thousands of dollars from the world's banks; he sold much of land and railway stock; he sold his fine high blocks of stores and houses, and made heavy deposits in the Celestial City Savings Bank.

With his gold, he fed the hungry, clothed the naked, paid for the education of the ignorant; he instructed the careless and lifted the erring. From the worldly side of life, he saw over on to the heavenly side, and there he deposited his earthly treasures. His soul was illuminated with divine love. His struggling, suffering fellow-men were his brothers, and in his rich, glorious work of love for humanity, the dear Lord walked closely beside him, with the oft-repeated words:

"Inasmuch, as ye do it unto the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me."
—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A MODERN AFRICAN KING.

From the day, when, as a young man, Khama led forth the warriors of his father against the terrible Matebele, and did what no other Bechuana chief dared to do—fight and hold his ground against them in the open plain—until his recent exploit in erecting "Palapye the Wondrous" (the newest and largest of native African cities, as well as the model for all future ones), his romantic career presents so many incidents of interest that a volume would scarce record them.

Picture, then, Khama, about sixty years old—for no one knows his age—but looking young for a native at that; tall, erect, thin but strong; with an intelligent face and a wide and lofty brow. You instinctively like him. It is at once apparent that he is one of "nature's gentlemen." There is a refined simplicity, a captivating mingling of modesty and dignity; while strength of will strikes you as casting into habitual repose this forceful countenance.

Khama's father and mother were not ordinary people. Sekhoma was a man of rare intelligence and perseverance. In his youth the tribe was reduced to a very few and scattered people. He collected and kept them together in the town of Shoshong at the foot of some mountains, the fastnesses of which formed an impregnable fortress for both people and cattle. Khama's mother was a very superior woman in person and in disposition. She was a constant worshipper in the church at Shoshong, and died of fever at the Lake River in 1873. Sekhoma's second son Khamane was, like his father, a cleverer man than Khama; but they were both much below him in character.

Khama's first instructor was a native teacher sent from Kuruman by Dr. Moffat. In 1850 Mr. Schulenborg, of Harm's Hanoverian Mission, arrived at Shoshong. He taught and baptized Khama and several others. The Rev. J. Mackenzie, of the London Missionary Society, passed through that town in 1860 on his way to the Zambesi, where Dr. Livingstone had arranged to meet the party and establish a mission to the Makololo. That project having failed, Mr. Mackenzie was appointed to Shoshong, where he formed a church in 1864, Khama and Khamane being members.

Although Sekhoma had invited missionaries to reside with him, he remained a heathen sorcerer, in spite of his Christian knowledge; and was angry when his five grown-up sons refused to follow him to the heathen ceremony of "boguera" (circumcision) in April 1865. The custom was for each chief with his sons and retainers to march daily to the camp of the neophytes. Proud was a Bechuana of the number of his sons on such occasions, and the mortification of Sekhoma, as king, was great to find himself thus unceremoniously deserted.

Then began a period of great trouble for Khama and Khamane. Their father sought to kill them; but they were so enshrined in the hearts of these heathen people that no one, even among the resident refugees, could be found to do this. He was successful in winning over to heathenism two of his sons, but three remained faithful even when Sekhoma publicly announced that he would give all his property and the chieftainship to the sons who had obeyed him. Every occasion was sought against the young chiefs and other believers, but in vain. There was positively nothing of which they could be accused save in their holding fast to the service of God.

The lesser chiefs followed Sekhoma, and were bitter against Khama and his brother because they had both married daughters of a chief named Tshukuru, who was next in rank to the king and a very able man. As these young men would not "add to" their wives from the daughters of others chiefs, this Tshukuru was thus raised to pre-eminent rank. Khama's answer to his father was respectful but straightforward:

"I refuse on account of the Word of God to take a second wife. Lay the hardest task upon me with reference to hunting elephants for ivory, or any service you can think of as a token of my obedience, but I cannot take this other woman to wife."

Sekhoma was so enraged that he began to plot against Khama's life. At one time the chiefs took a rifle from the king as he was about to fire upon the huts of his sons; and after the failure of many plots, and the hatching of much "baloi" (necromancy), this unscrupulous parent by a plan of surprise drove his sons from the town.

They took up a position in the mountains above, and much fighting ensued. For six weeks they held their own, though many men and cattle died for want of water. Messages were sent between the parties through the Rev. J. Mackenzie. As Khama refused to admit any error, but held that he had been unjustly attacked, Sekhoma relented, and an arrangement was made by which the young men could return to town without any supposed slight on Sekhoma's military honor.

Now another light was thrown upon Khama's character. Sekhoma, years before had driven his elder brother Macheng, the reigning chief, from Shoshong, and now had invited him to resume the chieftainship, on condition that he put his Christian sons to death. When peace was made, he tried to recall this invitation, but in vain. Macheng arrived, and behaved discreetly. At a gathering of the tribe, after many speeches of welcome, Khama rose, and, addressing Macheng, said:—

Khosi (king), it appears that I alone am to speak unpleasant words. The Bamangwato say they are glad to see you. I am not. If Sekhoma could not live with his own children, but shot at them, how will he be ruled by you? If I thought there would be peace, I would say I am glad; but I know that only disorder and death can take place when two kings sit in one khotla.

KHAMA.

Turning to the people, he said:—

"I renounce all pretensions to the chieftainship of the Bamangwato. Here are two chiefs. I refuse to be called the third, as some have mockingly styled me. My kingdom consists of my gun, my horses, and my waggon. Let me possess these as a private person, and I renounce all concern in politics. Especially do I refuse to attend night meetings. When men sit together in the dark, they confess that their deeds are evil. I am sorry, Macheng, that I cannot give you a better welcome."

This was a marvellous speech to fall among double-tongued, reticent, and scheming men. What was to be done with such a man, whose delight was to destroy crooked counsel, and put an end to the "bothale" (wisdom) in which these Bechuana chiefs took a pride?

Before the meeting broke up Macheng said, "Many words of welcome have I heard with the ear; one only has reached my heart. I thank Khama for his speech."

Macheng refused to kill the young men, and, after several unsuccessful plots, Sekhoma took refuge with the missionary, and then fled. The epilepsy, from which he suffered, increased in violence in his later years. He died without confessing a belief in Christianity.

Khama remained loyal to his uncle, while the confidence of the people in him became such that he was elected king by all—heathen and Christian—after Macheng's death. His brothers lived in the same town, and with the other chiefs are the king's advisers.

Though Khama has absolute power, he rules his people justly and mercifully, and is very kind to Europeans, if their ways be good. He is one of the most hardworking of living monarchs. Early in the morning the people, his own regiment who with families live around, are gathered in the khotla, or courtyard of the king's house, for prayers; a custom followed by the head chiefs in each division of the town. Then he transacts business with Europeans, and afterwards sits to settle cases of dispute, trying offenders, and hearing the grievances or requests of his people. The remainder of the day is spent in managing his numerous gardens, lands, and cattle posts.

Last autumn, after consultation with Her Majesty's Commissioner, he planted an immense area with mealies and native corn, to meet the wants of the large number of Europeans who were expected to pass through his country this spring on their way to the gold fields in Mashonaland. Not only in husbandry and cattle-rearing does he set an example, but fruit-growing is now being tried on a small scale.

Since Khama repelled the Matebele in 1863, there has been peace, although the soldiers of Lobingula and his father have several times crossed his territory to attack chiefs beyond. His has been a work of consolidation, and laying the groundwork of a strong and prosperous nation. He and his chiefs are unanimous and determined on one point—the absolute resistance of all attempts to introduce strong drink into their country. This causes great irritation among the brandy makers in Cape Colony and elsewhere.

As a statesman he has outstripped all other Africans in one respect, and this is a point in which his own strong character helps him to understand and appreciate the same in other nations, i.e., his clear and decided estimate of the value and benefit of British protection to native races, when carried out under his provisos that no strong drink be allowed an entrance, and that natives be ruled by their own chiefs in native ways, or in cases of dispute between natives and Europeans, by himself and a European magistrate sitting together. It is to be regretted that the British Government has decided only to protect the southern portion of Bechuanaland up to the 22nd degree of south latitude. To divide the country of the same tribe by an imaginary line is a puzzling process to natives.

Khama's latest exploit is the building of Palapye. The town covers about twenty square miles, and the 30,000 people moved in almost simultaneously. The old town was then burnt. Although so rapidly built, Palapye is a substantial city. Let us look at it. You walk through broad avenues, cross by well-trodden bridle-paths and foot-paths, and think what a fine review could be held on that immense central square. You admire the comfortable, well-built, red-clay, thatched cottages, with their land, where each owner is seen sitting in the evening at peace. The immense trees gives grateful shade, while countless birds twitter and sing. Everywhere is seen the simple enjoyment of a primitive style of life, and you marvel at the native wisdom which has chosen such a sanitary spot for this town on fine red sandy soil, with excellent water supply, pure air, and fine mountain scenery all round.

Palapye can also boast some fine buildings. Many of the stores are models of solid masonary, and are of immense size. What is more wonderful is that they are filled all day with customers, usually four or five deep, and often to the door, clamoring to be served.

Khama's family life has been a very happy one. Mabesi, his wife, was a humble prayerful Christian woman, with a good knowledge of the Scriptures, who successfully helped her countrywomen to understand and appreciate the position to which Christianity raised the women as well as the men of the tribe. Her taste, like that of her husband, was not for gaudy things but for what was serviceable and becoming. She showed many of the Christian graces and few of the weaknesses supposed to characterize either her sex or the African race. She died soon after the tribe removed to Palapye. As she grew up to womanhood surrounded by all the influences of heathenism, it cannot be denied that the life of Mabesi shows what Christianity is able to do in the case of one born in paganism.

When Mabesi had been dead nearly a year, the king was urged by his counsellors to take another wife. His duty as chief to provide food liberally at all times made it desirable that he should have one who could relieve him of the burden which it added to his many other anxieties and cares. His choice fell upon a sister of Bathwen, the present chief of the neighboring Bechuana tribe of the Bamangwaketse. She brought her letter of church membership from the Rev. J. Good, who is missionary to her brother's people at Kanye.

The marriage took place on October 9, 1890. So quietly did Khama go about it that the matter was not made known by him to the people until the lady had arrived at Palapye. One full day was then allowed to pass before the ceremony. The next day he went about his duties in his quiet active way.

Long ago he freed all the slaves and nomad subject tribes, giving them seed-corn; and, with other chiefs, gave them cattle to tend, so that these starvelings might obtain a constant supply of milk. Thus he encouraged and helped them to raise themselves into settled habits with pastoral and agricultural pursuits. It has truly been remarked, "On the whole Khama as a native ruler is as wonderful as is Palapye as a native town." He is certainly one of the most striking living examples of the power of Christianity.

And yet people doubt the success of missions!—*The Christian.*

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(*By Joanna H. Matthews.*)

Chapter VI.—The Picnic.

The Centennial Fourth, with all its glories and triumphs, its follies and mistakes, was a thing of the past; so, too, was our Milly's birthday, the latter anniversary being, spite of patriotism, the greater jubilee of the two, to us.

About the end of July, Edward was occupied with a law case, which necessitated quite a long trip in Canada; and, concluding to combine business and pleasure, he took his summer vacation at that time, shut up his office, and left Bill with the family, at Oakridge.

The boys, although improving every day in manners and general good conduct—Milly always declared that they had never been really bad boys, and that she and Edward had had good material to work upon—were more amenable to authority, and less mischievous, when separated than when together; their naturally high spirits, now never depressed by care and hardship, effervescing almost beyond bounds, occasionally carried wrath and confusion into the circle below stairs, and even, now and then, disturbed the even tenor of that above. But it must be said that the patience of most of our servants, with these irrepressible youngsters, was worthy of all praise, especially that of Thomas, who now had Jim under a course of training as a table servant. The boy's aptness surprised us all, although he did, of course, make mistakes, which were sometimes diverting, sometimes annoying.

On one occasion I was the victim. It was my "turn to be housekeeper," and to attend to the ordering of meals, putting out of supplies, and so forth. A friend had sent mother a small basket of very fine apricots, which we were anxious to have her keep for her own private eating, as it was a fruit of which she was particularly fond; but she steadily refused to do so, and insisted that they should be put upon the table for general family use. Nevertheless, though I perforce obeyed her orders, when I arranged the fruit for dinner, I abstracted half a dozen, and put them aside for her future delectation. Jim was in the pantry at the time, cleaning the window, with an observant eye upon my movements. I made the most of my apricots, placing them among some other fruit in a dish, so as to produce the best appearance; and, when it was ready, I know not what evil spirit prompted me to count them.

Papa brought home two strange gentlemen to dinner, unexpected guests, but we never were disturbed by that; and our number was further augmented by the arrival of Frank Winston, an intimate friend of Edward's, who had a general invitation to come as often and stay as long as he would, and who "would" and did very frequently. We none of us "minded" Frank, we always said, and yet somehow it—well, it always annoyed me more to have things go wrong before him than before anyone else. But it was a rare thing for anything which was under Thomas' supervision to go wrong; and, as usual, we possessed our souls in peace; and Jim fulfilled his duties remarkably well during the progress of dinner.

But, as ill luck would have it, at a moment when Thomas was out of the room, papa bade Jim hand him that basket of fruit; and selecting two apricots, bestowed one upon Allie, the other upon Daisy, who were seated on either side of him, and upon whom he was constantly bestowing such touching little attentions.

"Aw, aw!" expostulated Jim, forgetting himself, and speaking at the top of his voice. "Mr. Livingstone, there ain't none of them little peachy things for the children and the boys. Miss Amy, she counted noses afore the company come, an' there ain't enough to go roun', an' she put the rest of 'em in a plate on a high shelf, for her own eatin'."

Here he was extinguished by Thomas, who, hearing his voice, swooped upon him from the pantry, and, taking the fruit from him, dismissed him from the room with a motion of his head and thumb and a severe glance of his eye.

For the life of me I could not join in the laugh which went round, for the dignity and self-love of sixteen are more easily disturbed than those of twenty-six; and, when I looked up and saw Mr. Winston's dancing eyes fixed upon me, I was nearer tears than merriment, and vowed an inward vow that I would not speak to that young man for the rest of the evening. Nevertheless—but there is no occasion for anyone to know whether the vow was kept or no.

As for my feelings towards Jim, they were scarcely mollified, when, made aware by Thomas of the enormity he had committed, and of the mortification he had brought upon me, he brought me that night a peace offering, in the shape of a squirrel which he had tamed, and besought me to accept it.

Of course I could not take his squirrel, but I am afraid that I was ungracious in my refusal, and in my way of accepting his advances and penitence.

"A picnic, a picnic! A really true, grown up picnic, and we are to go, Allie and I!" shouted little Daisy, quite thrown off her usual sedate balance, and dancing into the room where Milly and I were seated with Bessie Sanford and some other girls who had arrived on the morning after this catastrophe.

"It's grown up, and not grown up," said Allie, following her. "Mrs. Prescott has been here to see mamma about it; and she invited everybody, and us, too, and she says some other children are coming. Mamma says we can go."

Mrs. Prescott gave one of these famous picnics every summer, but they took place, generally, earlier in the season, and this year it had been so long deferred, owing to sickness and other trouble in the family, that we had altogether ceased to expect it. But now it was to be, it seemed; and there was quite a jubilee in consequence, for Mrs. Prescott's entertainments were always enjoyable, and it was a common saying that, "things always went right" for them: the guests were always agreeable, pleasing and pleased; the collation unexceptionable; the weather propitious.

Mother had offered the services of Thomas who was always grand in his element on such occasions, and Mrs. Prescott gladly accepted them.

The weather did not disappoint us, for the day was pronounced "just perfect," cool, golden, and beautiful; the sky of the deepest blue, flecked here and there by soft, white, fleecy clouds; the fresh, bracing air was full of fragrance from hay fields, and the wealth of blossoms of every variety for which the season had been remarkable; and the roads wet by a heavy shower on the previous evening, were free from dust and in capital travelling condition; everyone was well, everyone was happy, and everyone was going.

But alas! a crook in our lot—that is, the Livingstone lot—speedily developed itself.

It was time to start for the rendezvous, and our family were packing themselves, with much laughter and jollification, into the carriages, when a large waggon, belonging to Mrs. Prescott, and containing her servants, and various creature comforts, drove in, in order to take up Thomas.

He was about to step into the waggon, and was standing very close beside it, when Jim, who was watching his departure with a despondent countenance, spoke to him, and he turned to answer just as the horses gave a little impatient start forward, bringing the front wheel over his foot in such a manner as to injure it badly. The poor man was in an agony, and the question of his attendance at the forthcoming festivities, was not to be thought of for another moment.

Mother decided that she must remain until she could find out how much he was injured, and she had made him in some degree comfortable; and Milly concluded to remain with her. They would both follow on after, and the rest of the party were despatched, without further delay. It quite took off the edge of our enjoyment to leave those two behind; but there was no help for it, so we set forth.

"Amy," said Bessie, as we drove from the door, "what will you wager that St. Millicent will not persuade your mother to bring Jim in Thomas' place?"

"Mamma has not quite taken leave of her senses, whatever Milly may have done," I answered, scornfully.

Bessie shook her head.

"You'll see. 'For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain,' in the matter of bringing people to her own way of thinking, I do not know the equal of that young woman," she said. "Those two young servitors, Jim and Bill, have been in a state of the wildest excitement all the morning, owing to the glowing and exulting accounts of the anticipated delights of the picnic painted by the boys, and those small damsels"—indicating Allie and Daisy, who were squeezed in between the elders of the party—"and they had been driven to the verge of distraction by knowing that they were not to participate therein. If you wonder how I know so much, you may remember that my windows look down upon the little back porch, where the servants are wont to congregate, and whence I am often edified by their views on men and things in general. I overheard a conversation, this morning, between those two boys, when they were vainly trying to devise some means by which they might be allowed to join in the festivities of the day; and, from the gleam of Jim's eye, I am persuaded that he looks upon this accident to Thomas as a direct interposition of Providence on his behalf, and that he will beg to be allowed to officiate in his place, and—that Milly will coax your mother to permit it."

But again I scoffed at the idea.

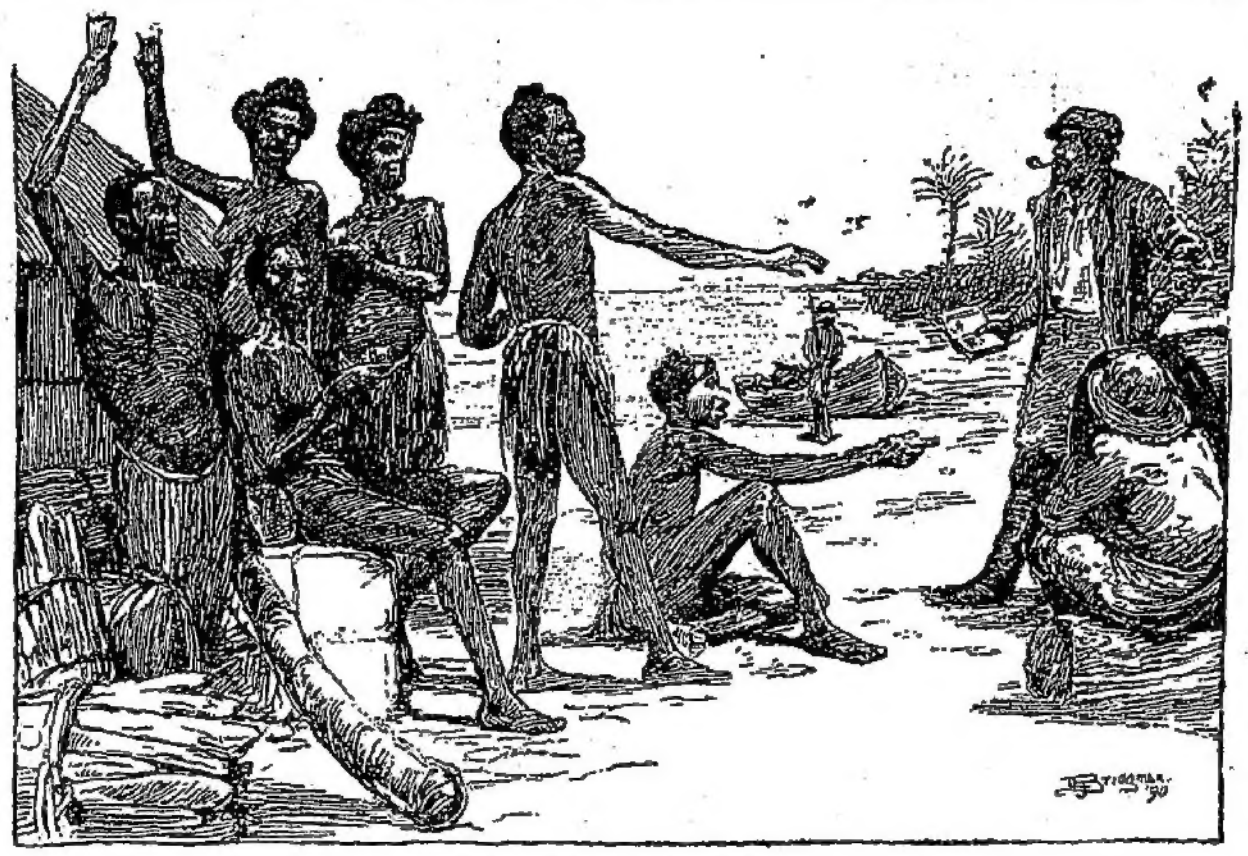
"I must confess," said Frank Winston, turning round from the box seat—he had come over to join our party, for reasons best known to himself, since there was plenty of room for him in his own family carriage, and ours was filled to its utmost capacity—"I must confess that the spectacle of a gay crowd setting forth on such an occasion as this, must be extremely aggravating to juveniles who are not to have any share therein, and is calculated to produce a desperate and eminently unchristian frame of mind. I plead guilty to a strong sympathy with their trials; and I suppose they are wondering why lots in life are so different. They are both characters, in their way, especially Jim, who interests me very much."

"He is the least promising of the two, I think," was my reply; "but I must acknowledge, that the improvement, in both boys, is something wonderful; and I will never doubt Milly's penetration after this. Still, I believe she can never be so insane—or rather, I believe that mother will not be—as to bring Jim to wait to-day."

Nevertheless, I had some vague fears on that score.

A spot more beautiful and suitable than that selected for the picnic, it would have been hard to find. It was a lovely glen, lying between hills which were a mass of tangled verdure. Through it ran the most sparkling of streams, which took its rise in a spring which gushed out among the rocks at the head of the glen; while moss-covered boulders and stones, serving admirably as tables, sofas and chairs, were scattered, here and there, all along its course on either side. The glen was deliciously cool and shady, although long lances of sunlight did pierce the foliage in spots, brightening the scene, and bringing out diamond flashes from the rushing, gurgling little streamlet, as it seemed to leap up to meet them.

(To be Continued.)



MISSIONARIES AND HEATHEN.

THE MISSION OF THE MORNING LIGHT.

And what are those two white men doing, the one with an evil face, a pipe in his mouth, and an open book in his hand? The other one seems to be drawing something from a barrel?"

They are missionaries — missionaries among the heathen—don't you see the naked heathen, men and women, six in all?

"Missionaries?"

Yes, just that. Yonder is the ship in which they sailed from New England. I saw missionaries enter that ship. Some of them were friends of mine; my neighbor and Sunday-school friend, among them.

They started for Africa.

"Ah! but they are not there. Those two men may be missionaries, but a different sort, if one may judge from their low looks and the general appearance of their audience."

Now you have it. There are missionaries and missionaries, yet all in the same ship, each sort with a gospel.

"Gospel means good news. How can opposite missionaries bring good news?"

Look at those heathen. Don't they seem happy? See their sparkling eyes. They like the gospel of rum. They are drinking it in as greedily as other heathen devour the true, precious good news about Christ and his salvation. Those two missionaries are dealing out from their pulpit —that barrel—strong drink. So it goes. Meanwhile our blessed and true missionaries, spend their lives among those poor benighted blacks, trying to show them a better way, but their hearts so often heavy over the horrid work of those other missionaries, servants of the devil, who were making—are still at it—drunkards of the heathen.

That ship, her evil-looking captain, or owner, called the Morning Light. Better a thousand times, so far as they were concerned, had it been named Blackness of Darkness, for think of a heathen in his blindness bowing down to a barrel of rum, adding drunkenness to his idolatry!

Isn't it strange, that in a Christian land like ours, men can be found so bad as to sell the heathen strong drink? May be the boy who sits by your side at school is coming on to do this very thing!—*The Pansy.*

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Matthews.)

CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

We had exchanged greetings with our hostess and some of the guests who had arrived before us, and were scattering ourselves as fancy dictated, when Allie and Daisy came to me with faces a yard or so long.

"What is the matter, pets?" I asked.

"The Ainslies are here!" said Allie, in a tone of indignation.

"Yes, they are!" said Daisy, in a like voice of offence.

"And invited, too!" said Allie. "Daisy asked them what they came for, and they said, 'cause they were invited.'"

"I shouldn't like to say anyfing saucy," said Daisy, "but I fink Mrs. Prescott must be rafer crasy to invite those girls."

Now, had you known these same Ainslies, you would not have wondered that the enchantment of the day was destroyed for our young innocents; for any company which was graced with their presence was apt to find that it could have dispensed with the same with comfort to itself.

They were two girls, about twelve and fourteen, orphans and heiresses, for they were each worth a million or so; and the consequential and arrogant airs which they gave themselves on the strength of this, were past endurance, almost past belief.

Their father, a well-meaning, but rather characterless man, had married far beneath him in the social circle, and, unluckily for such more refined natures as were afterwards destined to come in contact with them, the coarse characteristics and unpolished manners of the maternal side of the family cropped out, with amazing force, in his children. Dying, about two years since, Mr. Ainslie left them to the care of his sister; and, failing this, in case of her disability or disinclination, to that of his brother's wife. But both ladies found the burden so onerous, that they agreed to share it, Mrs. Boardman refusing to keep them all the time.

In addition to the children, their guardians were encumbered with an old nurse, who had been with the little girls ever since the birth of the eldest; and who, by the terms of the will, was always to remain with them. Faithful to her charge, according to her light, this old woman encouraged them in all their arrogant and purse-proud airs, until they were actually insufferably selfish and presuming. They had made life a burden to successive governesses, none of whom could be induced to remain with them more than a few months at the most; and there was not a child in our neighborhood whose peace of mind was not destroyed, and temper roused, when the Ainslies chanced to be of the company. This was especially so with the younger children, whom they teased and tyrannized over unmercifully; hence the displeasure of our Allie and Daisy.

But I will let these unpleasing young damsels show for themselves of what stuff they are made.

As Mrs. Prescott afterwards explained to us, half-apologetically, they had been invited because she wanted their governess, a lovely girl, and thorough lady, who had endured the disagreeables of her position for some two months; and who, as Mrs. Prescott knew, could not accept the invitation unless her unruly pupils came too.

I had just succeeded in pacifying the children, and sending them to join the rest of the juvenile guests, when my attention was attracted by an exclamation from Bessie.

"O, my prophetic soul!" she cried; and, following the direction of her eyes, I saw father driving up to the foot of the glen, with mother and Milly behind, and, O ye powers! not only Jim but also Bill on the front seat with him, their faces beaming with a decorous delight. Anything more staid and respectable than the manner in which they descended from their seat could not be conceived. Thomas himself could not have outdone his imitators.

"Here is Miss Amy looking unutterable things," said Frank Winston, as Milly joined our group, after she and mother had despatched Thomas' substitutes to join the corps of servants who were unpacking hampers and so forth, giving them many injunctions to continue their present unexceptionable behavior.

"Mother feared that Mrs. Prescott would find herself short-handed if she were unexpectedly deprived of the services of Thomas," said Milly, knowing from what source of disapproval the "unutterable things," sprung. "And it was at his suggestion—not mine, Amy—and his guarantee for their good behavior, that she brought Jim and Bill, for they can bring wood for the fires; wash dishes and so forth, at least. If you had seen Jim's face when the idea was first mooted! And when we brought him to help, it did not do to leave poor Bill behind."

"Verily, this was no doubting Thomas who pinned his faith on the good behavior of these!" I said to Frank, as I turned to accept a previously proffered invitation to scramble to the top of the glen with him, and "see the view."

The view would have been ample payment for the scramble, even to those whose feet and lungs were more easily wearied than mine, and those of my escort. We stood on the top of a ridge, from which the ground sloped gradually down on either hand. To our right lay the gorge, whence came the sound of merry voices and laughter, softened by the distance at which we stood above it, while the gay party was altogether hidden from us by the masses of foliage which dotted the sides of the glen. Little threads of smoke, from the fires which the servants were beginning to kindle, were winding lazily up through the still summer air, above the tops of the trees. The ridge on which we stood was a sort of spur from the range of hills which lay behind us, clear cut against the sky; and, around its foot, dashed impetuously the stream, to empty itself, after its short-lived course, into the lovely, sparkling little lake, whose waters lay gleaming and rippling in the sunlight at our left. Here the ridge fell suddenly away, sloping almost perpendicularly to the water's edge, but clothed from summit to base with a luxuriant mantle of vines, ferns and shrubs. Below the water-line, as was well known to us, the rock shelved still more abruptly; and the lake was exceedingly deep here. On the other side of the stream, the opposite wall of the glen sloped more gradually, terminating in the strip of pebbly shore, which here bordered the lake; and, some distance up the shore, I perceived a small wooden building, thickly covered with vines, which ran riot over roof and sides. Above this mass of vines, floated a small flag.

"What is that little hut there for?" I asked in surprise, for I had never seen it before.

"It was put up last winter, by the ice cutters, as an occasional shelter for themselves, and a place to keep their tools," answered Mr. Winston. "Did you ever see such luxuriant vines? When one considers that they are of only one summer's growth, it seems almost impossible."

"How picturesque it looks!" I said. "One might think that the fairies had had a hand in its adornment, as a fitting place for their own revels."

"The fairies, more likely, thought that the hut, in its bare ugliness, was a blot upon the scene," was the reply of my escort. "Distance lends enchantment, Miss Amy."

"It certainly looks very attractive from here," I answered; "but how comes this little flag there? It looks too bright to have been left by the ice men, and weather beaten by all the storms since the ice was gathered in."

"I heard that a party of boys were up there, fishing and camping out last week," said Frank; "and probably they put up the flag, and forgot to take it away with them."

"What lovely ferns and wild roses down there," I said, turning my eyes downward. "They would drive Allie wild, she loves ferns so."

"Then she shall have some," said Frank, and, despite my expostulations, in another moment he had gone a few steps down the steep declivity, descending with much care, as was needful, and had gathered a handful of ferns, and late wild roses, with which he returned to my side.

"They are lovely, but hardly worth the risk," I said, as I thanked him. "It is frightfully dangerous there, and my heart was in my mouth as you went down. One misstep"—and I shuddered.

To which Frank replied with some nonsense about that not being the place he would have chosen for my heart; and we presently descended and joined the revellers below.

Just at the foot of the path, and on the bank of the stream, we found a group of the children, who had been playing there; among them the objectionable Misses Ainslie, both of whom had taken off their shoes and stockings, apparently with the intention of joining some of their companions, who were wading in the brook. On the bank, spectators of the sport in which they had been forbidden to join, and under the care of Jim, stood our Allie and Daisy, gazing with solemn, disapproving eyes at Louisa Ainslie, whose governess, Miss Du Barri, was attemping to dissuade her from going into the water, as the child was but just recovered from a very severe illness, which made exposure of this kind very imprudent for her.

But the girl was resisting and resenting Miss Du Barri's interference; and, when the young lady laid a detaining hand upon her arm, she attempted to free herself from it with insolent and threatening words, being abetted and aided in her rebellion by her sister, who was now standing in the brook, with countenance and tongue equally defiant and impatient.

"You must obey me, Louisa" said Miss Du Barri, gently but firmly; and with admirable control of herself, although her pale cheek glowed with roused temper at the girl's insolence. "You will surely be ill again if you play in the water, and I cannot allow you to do it."

"It's none of your business if she is; you don't have to pay for it," said Amelia Ainslie.

"And I don't have to obey you," retorted Louisa. "You're nothing but a servant after all, though you do think yourself so great."

Cries of "O!" and "Ah!" and "For shame!" rose from the youthful bystanders, but the Misses Ainslie were not at all abashed.

"She is! Anyhow she isn't any better than a servant. She's paid for teaching us, and it's cause 'she's so poor she has to do it!" exclaimed Louisa; "and we've lots of money, Amelia and I, more than any of you have, or any of the grown-up people at the picnic. We're the richest girls in all the country round! nurse says so, and that we needn't do anything we don't choose."

And she wrenched herself from Miss Du Barri's hold.

"Well, Miss Du Barri is a lady, and that's more than you can boast of," said Allie, with pious austerity, and doubtless quoting some of her elders.

But, whether original or second-hand, the truth of the sentiment was unquestionable, and was forcibly felt by Miss Louisa, who, bending her head, ran full tilt at unluckly Allie, and butted her over and into the stream.

(To be Continued.)

BUILDING.

Souls are built as temples are—
Sunken deep, unseen, unknown,
Lies the sure foundation stone.
Then the courses framed to bear,
Lift the cloisters pillared fair.
Last of all the airy spire,
Soaring heavenward, higher and higher,
Nearest sun and nearest star.

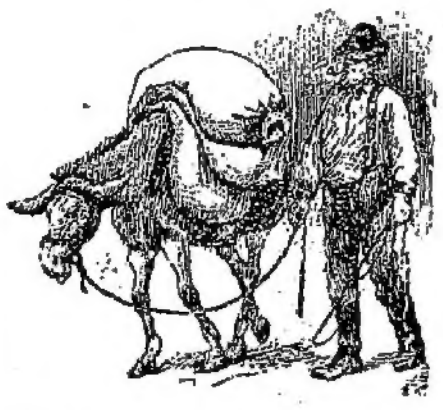
Souls are built as temples are—
Inch by inch in gradual rise
Mount the layered masonries.
Warring questions have their day,
Kings arise and pass away,
Laborers vanish one by one,
Still the temple is not done,
Still completion seems afar.

Souls are built as temples are—
Here a carving rich and quaint,
There the image of a saint;
Here a deep-hued pane to tell
Sacred truth or miracle;
Every little helps the much,
Every careful, careless touch
Adds a charm or leaves a scar.

Souls are built as temples are—
Based on truth's eternal law,
Sure and steadfast, without flaw,
Through the sunshine, through the snows,
Up and on the building goes;
Every fair thing finds its place,
Every hard thing lends a grace,
Every hand may make or mar.
—*Susan Coolidge.*

INHUMANITY.

Farmer Snowden, well-fed and ruddy, stood at his door one morning, as Holt, his nearest neighbor, passed down the road. Holt drove a mule so thin and gaunt that his bones almost pierced the skin. The wretched animal staggered under the weight of several bags of grain.



"Isn't Jack overloaded a trifle?" Snowden called.

"No," said Holt. "He's used to it. He likes it."

"That beats me," said Snowden, indignantly, to his wife. "How any Christian man can work a brute to death I can't understand! Is my basket ready, mother?"

Mrs. Snowden hastily finished packing the basket of sandwiches and pie for the luncheon in the field, and gave it to her husband, who followed his haymakers down the road.

The kitchen was in disorder. It was scarcely day, but Mrs. Snowden had already cooked breakfast for three hungry men. The dishes must be washed, a dozen pies made, the ironing done, and the house set in order.

She began to work, but stopped presently to prepare a delicate breakfast and arrange it prettily upon a table in the parlor. Her daughter, a victim of some nervous ailment, came down, and languidly tasted it.

"I have no appetite," she moaned. "I

think perhaps I could eat a bit of broiled chicken."

Mrs. Snowden hurried to make ready the new dish. When Laura had eaten it—and she finished every morsel—her mother helped her to creep out to the hammock in the cool shade, brought her a book, a fan, a pillow and a dish of fruit.

Laura spent the morning there, out of sight of the kitchen. She was an educated girl, fond of painting and all beautiful things. She declared that the heat, the cooking and the work made her ill. "Mother had been used to it all her life. She never tired of it. She liked turmoil."

Presently Laura managed to walk as far as the post-office, and brought back a letter. It was from her brother Joe who was in a store in Boston, and was full of amusing gossip about parties, club-meetings, and concerts. In a postscript Joe said:

"Ask mother if she will make me a set of new shirts as soon as possible. It does not take her long to run them up on the machine, and it saves me some dollars. Poor clerks in Boston have to look after their pennies!"

Mrs. Snowden gave a wan smile as she received the message. "I am glad Joey is so saving," she said; but as she oiled her machine for the work she sighed quietly. It was harvest-time. She was busy in the kitchen all day. The shirts must be made after night-fall.

Day after day went by. The family and the two hired men were fed, the house was kept in order, the washing and ironing were done, Laura was nursed and humored—all by the one quiet, gaunt woman.

When night came, she sat down at the machine to make the shirts, with loving thoughts of her boy.

"The doctor says that I need exercise," said Laura, feebly, one day. "I shall try riding horse-back, I think."

Joe, when he received the shirts, merely wrote back that "They were not as neatly finished as those in the shops. Mother's machine must be wearing out."

He often spent in a supper, given to his friends, more money than would have bought the shirts.

When harvest was done Farmer Snowden congratulated himself on his profits. Some of his neighbors, he said, hired help in the kitchen during harvest. "But I told them mother undertakes it all herself. She is used to work. She likes it."

He took pleasure in abusing Holt, who had worked his mule almost to death. But when he saw his wife's face grow more lean and sallow each day, it never occurred to him nor to his children to consider the drudgery, the dulness, the absence of hope, amusement and cheer from her life, or to think that they were urging her, step by step, each day nearer to her grave.

Into how many farm-houses does this paper enter, in which a Mrs. Snowden may be found?—*Youth's Companion.*

TOMMY'S EXPERIENCE.

"Tommy! Tommy!"

Tommy shut one eye, and with the other looked through a convenient knot-hole in the side of the woodshed.

Again his mother called his name, this time a little louder than before; still Tommy did not answer. To say he felt aggrieved would be giving a very mild description of his feelings at that minute. Had he not worked all morning, carrying coal and water, picking up sticks and stones from the front grass-plot and doing various things too numerous to think of just then? And had he not been sustained and upheld through it all by the thought of having the whole afternoon to himself? Why, he had even forgotten to count how many buckets of water he had carried to wash off the porches, so interested was he in trying to calculate how many willow-whistles he would have time to make before supper-time. And now, just as he was comfortably fixed at work, to think that he must be called from it!

"I know just what she wants me for," he said to himself. "I don't see any sense in two of us going to the store; just as if Tillie couldn't go by herself! I'll not let on I heard her call me."

Tommy knew that this was not a very safe course to pursue, but he was so vexed that he did not think of consequences. By this time his mother had gone into the house and closed the door, but it was again opened and again his name echoed through the premises.

"That's Tillie," said Tommy, "and she won't stop at calling; she'll hunt me up."

He looked around for a hiding place. He could hear Tillie running down the stone walk. She would be there in a minute; so, hastily jumping down from the work-bench, he ran across the floor and climbed into an old cupboard, which shook in a threatening manner, as if resenting the intrusion. He pulled the doors to just as Tillie appeared in the doorway.

"Tommy! Tommy Dawson!" she called, so that there might be no mistake as to what Tommy was wanted. Tommy held his breath lest she might discover him, and wished that his heart would not thump so heavily against his ribs; surely Tillie would hear it. But she turned toward the house as if satisfied that he was not to be found. Tommy chuckled in high glee, and after hearing the door shut, clambered down out of the crazy old cupboard, his face very red, his clothes covered with dust and cobwebs. After taking observations through the knot-hole for a few seconds, he got up on the bench and began on the whistles; but somehow the bark seemed very hard to loosen, and his knife was not so sharp as usual. He was sure he had never heard the field crickets chirp so loudly, and was it not strange they were saying: "Sneak! sneak! sneak!" just as fast as they could. Tommy had often listened to them before, but he always thought they said: "Summer's here, here, here!" He must have been mistaken then, for nothing could be plainer than what they were now saying.

"If only that road to the store was not so hot and dusty!" he said half aloud; and then he whittled at a willow switch.

"I do wonder if Hatton's dog would bite? Tillie's awful 'fraid of dogs;" and then another minute of whittling.

"I guess I could finish these whistles after I come back;" and he shut his knife, and with one bound was in the middle of the floor, and with another was out on the stones.

"Whew! how hot that old woodshed is, anyway!" and, running up to the stones, he burst into the kitchen, where he found Tillie flying around in wild delight.

"Why, Tommy Dawson," she exclaimed, "where have you been? We've been calling you everywhere."

"What are you polishing your best shoes for?—to wear to the store?" demanded Tommy, skilfully evading the question.

"Store?" echoed Tillie scornfully. "Why, Tommy Dawson, Uncle Tom is here, he's going to take us home with him, and he's in an awful hurry; and mother's upstairs laying out your clothes, and I've polished your best shoes. You see, we thought you might come in time to get ready if every thing was fixed for you to dress in a hurry. And oh, Tommy, I was afraid that I would have to go without you!" and here Tillie paused to take her breath.

Tommy may live to be very old, but he will never forget how mean he felt just then.

"You'd better not stand there," continued Tillie. "Uncle Tom said we must be ready in half an hour, and he's been here 'most fifteen minutes now."

Tillie could not think what made Tommy so very kind and thoughtful during the next fifteen minutes, and when, after running up-stairs after her parasol and handing it to her, he stopped to pick up a thread from her dress, her wonder found expression in words: "How nice you are to-day, Tommy! I just wish you'd be that way all the time."

And Tommy, as he climbed into the buggy which was to take them to the station, resolved that he would "be that way" just as often as he could think of it. I think that he must have kept his resolution, for it was only the other day that I heard a lady remark: "How much Tommy Dawson seems to think of his sister! He treats her just as if she were some other boy's sister."—*United Presbyterian.*

SAVED FROM SUICIDE BY A TRACT.

A Christian gentleman, who is in the habit of distributing tracts on Sundays, was once discouraged by the rain from going his usual round. His little daughter came from Sunday-school and found him at home, with his bundle of tracts on the table. She seemed surprised, and was quite pained when he told her he should not go out. "Let me take them, papa," she said. "No, my dear; it is too wet." But she pleaded that she was already dressed for the wet—had on her waterproof, and she would take the big umbrella, and the rain would not hurt her a bit, and besides, these people will want their tracts. "Do let me go, papa." Finally she got his consent and started out. At one house she was obliged to knock a great while before she could get in. A woman with a gloomy face at last came to the door. The little girl smiled, gave her a tract, and went on, till she had finished her round. This woman herself, at whose door the child had waited so long, said she had determined to commit suicide, and was in the act of hanging herself when she heard the knock at the door. She took the tract from the hand of the girl, and the reading of it raised her from despair to the glad hopes and peace of the Gospel.

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